





## THE SOCIETY.

## ITS THIRD YEAR.

A little over two years have elapsed since this enterprise was commenced. The whole of the facts and circumstances which led to its beginning, as well as many during its continuation, are full of deep significance, but may never be made public; yet it seems a fitting moment, in closing the second volume of our paper, to glance at some of the more prominent considerations which led to the establishment of the Society and its organ the *CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST*, and also to point very briefly to the evidences of their usefulness, and future course.

Whoever will go back with us two short years, and take an impartial survey of the cause of Spiritualism at that time, will be able to understand us when we point (however superficially) to what we saw, and thence deduce our motive for having started these enterprises, and what we have since done.

Among many things which retarded the progress of the cause, one of the most formidable consisted in the questionable atmosphere which surrounded and attended much of its public expression, and which in our judgment demanded the most prompt and active efforts to dispel.

We saw that the secular press, with scarcely an exception, treated the subject, and those who were laboring in it, with open or silent contempt, sneers and ridicule; and that they did so, in some cases, with justice and reason, from the course and acts of many of those through whom the manifestations found public utterance.

We saw it was almost impossible for men or women to maintain their proper position in society if known to be connected with Spiritualism—estimated as it then was. Every prominent man, indeed, who publicly avowed his faith in it, was set down as a madman, knave or fool. We found that the Mediums (God's chosen instruments) were distrusted, slandered, and otherwise ill-treated.

We found a very general want of knowledge of the peculiar conditions necessary to the most profitable expression of Spirits through mediums.

We saw too, that most mediums, indeed, all who bravely breast the storm, and came out publicly, were poor in this world's goods.

We saw, in short, that MIND AND MONEY were required, and that Spiritualism must be made respectable before it could begin to have a true birth and fair expression in the nation.

"What could we, what ought we to do?" were questions, which being uttered in earnestness and sincerity, found answers and counsel from the Spirit world. The wisdom and truth of those answers to us, may be found in the present state, here and elsewhere, of the cause itself—clothed, as it now is, in power, dignity and intelligence.

We do not claim any merit in what we have done; but with sincere gratitude to God, we stretch out our hands to every Spiritualist in the land—and with hearts overflowing with emotions of joy and filial affection, pause a moment, with each and all to rejoice.

While we have labored, and yet do, from many of our Brethren, as to the best modes for labour in the cause, we complain of none. And we surely feel none of the narrow selfishness which would claim any special glory due to us as individuals; but while thus disavowing any vain-glorious pretensions to superior wisdom or virtue in our course, we still adhere to the same principles and opinions that originally found utterance in the first number of our paper.

We adopted and practiced the giving of Manifestations without price or reward, or expectation of reward. We taught to, and have, practiced charity toward all. We entered upon our work as a missionary one, in spirit and in act. We have never sounded trumpet, but have done here and in different parts of the Union, in England, and on the continent of Europe, what was clearly pointed out for us to do, as far as the means were in our power. We believed when we began, and we have found it profitable as we have gone along, that the doing the work quietly, and without fanatical zeal, would tell a thousand fold more upon the enlightened and thoughtful mind, than by displays, public gatherings, and wrangling discussions, or any other hot-house feelings.

We have always believed the best way to spread our cause, was in quiet efforts, through the agency of mediums to make individual conversions, one or two at a time, and turning for a moment to the argument in favor of this mode of labor, let us see what would be the result. If every one of the two millions of Spiritualists in the United States should say to himself, within the next month, I will by my individual effort and God's blessing, convert and bring over from among the skeptics, one soul more, this four million thus believing, to do the same the next month, how long, think you, reader, would it take to make this nation, a nation of Christian Spiritualists? And in a few years, what might we not hope for humanity?

Where is Spiritualism to-day? Glory to God, in the highest! "It is a power in the nation." Millions of thinking, enlightened men and women recognize it. The magazines, the newspapers, the book makers, all now recognize and receive Spiritualism as an existing power, not to be laughed and sneered aside.

And last of all, (as is too often the case,) the Church has opened its sturdy arms, and taken to its embrace this Spiritual babe; discerning, or rather acknowledging, (what has, for a long time, been too clearly established to admit of confusion,) the divinity, glory and grandeur thereof.

In the wilderness of sects, castes and creeds, has the voice gone forth, and even now may its

cry be heard, "Prepare ye—prepare ye the way of the Lord!"

What comes next? We, who commenced, and have been the instruments in keeping the *Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge* in existence, find the work for which we started, substantially accomplished. And here, we might stop, for Spiritualism, as a science, as a philosophy, has become too securely established to fear any thing from its enemies. It can never be overthrown.

Though our peculiar mission, our original purpose is accomplished, we recognize the great Heaven appointed work as only fairly begun. Now, we have, and shall have to do with the more interior, the law of its being.

## OUR VALEDICTORY.

With this issue, our editorial connection with, and labors for the *Christian Spiritualist* terminate. This statement, though brief, comprehends all we desire to say on the subject at present, as we have neither the right nor disposition to question the sense, that determined and authorized the change. But we do feel, to thank our friends of the Spiritual and secular presses, as well as those of private life, for the many kind words of encouragement spoken and written in our behalf. We do so, because we have seen and done some service in the "battle of life," and know how to value them. At the same time, we have no disposition to effect surprise at the issues made on the reformer, nor shall we whimper sentimental regrets, because obstacles oppose his progress, for they are the natural and necessary surroundings of the truly earnest and practical progressist. Nor shall we resurrect our past labors, in order to tinker up our intellectual and Spiritual reputation, for "what's writ is writ," and we shall leave "the dead past to bury its dead." Nevertheless, we should be happy, were it the custom for men to show anything of heart in their writings, to say how much of Spiritual sunshine and blissful association gathered round the memory of the past two years, for we have seen, shaken hands with, and we hope, made friends of many true and earnest Spiritualists, who are working and praying for the social harmony and actual spirituality of the race—men and women, who for years have borne positive, though as far as possible, respectful protest against the ignorance, insolence, and bigotry of the age.

We say respectful protest, because the majority of those minds are too far above the cant of the creed-maker, and the hypocrisy of the time-server—to return "evil for evil." With this class of truth-seekers and justice lovers we have entered into an eternal covenant, by virtue of which we hope still to labor for the true, the beautiful, the good. For the present, however, and for months to come, we shall speak to them in the lecture-room, rather than from the pulpit.

Of the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge and the *Christian Spiritualist*, it is unnecessary that we offer, at present, comment or commendation, as more reliable authority has outlined the history and prospective usefulness of both, in another part of this issue.

We have, therefore, but to wish our friends long and useful lives, as among the best preparatives for another and a purer state of being, ere we say "good bye," and wish for our enemies (should we have such) speedy conversions, since all such feelings and perversions of mind "in naught enrich" them, but makes them poor indeed.

## REV. J. H. W. TOOHEY.

This Gentleman and Philanthropist, retires from the Editorial charge of the *Christian Spiritualist*, upon the close of the second volume, ending with this present number.

Mr. Toohey became connected with this society soon after its organization, and entered upon the labors of Assistant Editor, but was soon left in sole charge of the paper, by the retirement of Mr. Woodman, the then Editor.

In taking leave of our Brother, from his immediate responsibility as Editor, we cannot resist the desire to express our high appreciation of his integrity, just sense of honor, and holy zeal, in the cause for which he has so long and efficiently labored.

Those who have been in immediate connection and intimacy with Brother Toohey, and thus become cognizant of his efforts, in public and private, to advance the best interests of true Christianity, his unflinching and many struggles to promote the cause of humanity; cheerfully bear testimony to the many good qualities of his mind and heart, as made manifest both in his public and private life.

Wherever in the Providence of God his footsteps may tend he will carry with him our best wishes and highest respect. The labor to sustain the Society and the *Christian Spiritualist*, has been by no means a small or well-paid one, judging from the external, and our Brother has struggled with us through good and evil report, never faltering, never failing.

The Spiritualists of the United States owe Brother Toohey much, very much; and the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge, bears this testimony, unasked and unneeded though it be.

The paper will be continued under the charge of Members of the Society, until an Editor shall be selected to take the place so long and so ably filled by Brother Toohey.

## SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

The accounts we are receiving, from time to time, from all parts of the country, are full of promise for the future. A friend has handed us a letter from San Francisco.

In speaking of the interest manifested upon the subject of Spiritualism in California, he says: "The place where they hold their lectures is generally well filled; I have seen as many as two thousand sitting to hear Col. Baker (one of the most eminent lawyers of this place) discourse on 'the ministry of angels.'"

This is but one of the many indications of the deep hold the subject is taking upon the public mind; indeed, the churches, in many instances, are almost entirely forsaken. But we know of no instances, of late, where Spiritual meetings, when announced, have not drawn together large and intelligent audiences.

The *Amenia Times* informs us, that "Dr. Jarvis" is a "myth," and that the real expounder and confounder of Spiritualism and Spiritualists is the Rev. W. H. Ferris, a man high in office in the New York Methodist Church. The *Times* assures us that the "method and logic" of the Rev. gentleman "are unexceptionable," and that he is "content to leave Spiritualism in his hands, no matter who may volunteer to be his opponents." This may be just so, *Mr. Times*, but as there are "many men," with many minds on the subject, it is just as possible as probable that Mr. Ferris knows nothing, or next to nothing of the facts of Spirit intercourse, to overlook which would be to lose sight of Modern Spiritualism.

## CONTROVERSIES ON SPIRITUALISM.

As all mental as well as physical food has to be masticated and digested before it can assimilate with the system, we are not at all surprised to find that Spiritualism is undergoing analysis and mental digestion in various parts of this country and England. Indeed, we rejoice in the fact, for we recognize innovation, agitation, and respectful discussion as the natural stages of all true and lasting progress. At the same time, it should be borne in mind, that loose and improper use of terms, are among the obstacles that hinder and obstruct progress, and therefore to be avoided. Reflections like these occurred to us, after reading a portion of a discussion in the Richmond (Va.) *Palladium* of April 10, on the subject of Spiritualism and Progress.

As usual the painful part of the controversy results from the abstract, or vague generalization of the terms employed in the discussion. The "Bible" and "Nature" are thus made to antagonize each other, because the issue is general, when it should be specific and definite. And of a truth, it may be said, there are no other two terms in common parlance so destitute of exact meaning, as "Bible" and "Nature."

That the reader may judge for himself, we make the following extracts. "Humanitas" (in behalf of the Bible, says:

"We will not indulge in personalities or abuse; this is the recourse of those who have a weak cause. When they have no arguments to offer they resort to abuse, and the perversion and misrepresentation of the language of their opponents.

"There seems a desperate effort to avoid the true issue. There were two points which we objected to in our first number. The arrogance of the name assumed—'Friends of Human Progress'—and the high claims set up for modern Spiritualism. Now as to which of us the charge of arrogance properly belongs, we are willing to leave for the public to judge when they shall read both communications. In regard to the second point, we asked for some proofs of the proposition contained in the resolution. Surely 'Libertarian' would not have us to believe without reason! Is this a part of their system of 'progress'? To make assertions without a shadow of an argument to sustain them, would show that they had progressed beyond reason and common sense. The proposition is an affirmative one, and the burden of proofs rests with its friends according to all rules of discussion.

"What has pseudo-christianity to do in the proof of the above proposition or even with the Bible? When we affirm that the Bible has been a great blessing to mankind, and continues to be such still, we expect to attempt, at least, to prove it. Nor will we dodge it by retorting other questions. But the claims of Spiritualism are now on the tapis; when we settle this, then the other may come up if desired.

We perhaps ought not to press this point, since there is an evident disposition to back water in regard to this claim of Spiritualism, and that article of the platform which rejects the Bible as a volume inspired by the Deity.

"All truth is the word of God." That is, the Bible is no more inspired by God than the writings of other good men. It has no more inspiration about it than the Principia of Newton, or a truthful work of Science? Be honest, come out like a man, and say to the world openly, that you reject the Sacred Volume altogether; or that you do not regard it in the light which christians do, as containing a special revelation from God, the Creator, to man, the creature. You boast of your bravery and independence, and the right of free speech, one of the elements as you claim of human progress. You are not afraid of becoming unpopular. You can brave public sentiment, and become a martyr, if need be. Why this mincing of the matter? Tell the public plainly what you do believe in regard to the inspiration of this Book.

"Libertarian" on behalf of Spiritualism and Progress sustains himself as follows:

"Humanitas with all his learning seems dull of comprehension. If the Scriptures, throughout, be the word of God, they must agree with the Book of Nature. As God is the author of Nature, and no mistake; then all scripture, or that which is written, must agree with nature, or it is not reliable. In other words, whatever is in the Bible, or elsewhere, must accord with nature's laws, if we are to learn from it, our true and legitimate duties to God, how necessary it is that we should interpret for ourselves. Humanitas and I, understand the language of the resolution very differently. As there can be but one truth conveyed, one of us has misconstrued the author's meaning. May it not be the case in reference to the Bible? All we know of it is from tradition and history, and very little of the latter which may be collateral. Error, or a mistaken view of God's will to man, coming through such channels, could just as readily reach us as truth, and more readily as we willingly blind our eyes and shut out the light of reason—the boon of God, given as to test what is revelation to us. There is nothing revealed to any individual that his reason does not approve; this is self-evident. For this God has placed a light within us by which we may see our duty, and just so far as the Bible reflects this light, just so much of it is truth to us; and just so far as the Bible contravenes a law of nature, or seems so to do, then to us it should be an error.

It is as I anticipated, that he would question and conjecture, jump at conclusions, and establish for himself facts. He must have been a profound student and an apt scholar while in the school of Voltaire, for he has a marvellous tact of "veiling under the highest apparent reverence for the institution of christianity the most deadly malignity and virulent attacks." It is remarkable that some of these Bible defenders more than some infidels (so called) violate its truths. They are forever crying infidel, infidel, after others, when they themselves are the greater infidels in practice. And now, when they find there is nothing immoral in the term infidel, when properly understood, that it only means a disbeliever in a false and faithless christianity, as preached and practiced by themselves, they endeavor to fasten upon them some other epithet by which they may stigmatize them—"Free Lovers," for instance—or some other villainous thing, the offspring of their own brains. Thus violating a righteous command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"My mission now is to defend the cause of Progress and its friends, not their peculiar views; knowing that I might as justly differ from some of them, as I do from him. My objection to discussing his peculiar hobby, is this: Should we gain the attention of a few readers, we would soon tire their patience—should we not, we would then exhaust our small stock of mentality upon each other, which would not pay, for the world would move, nevertheless, and Truth would go on developing itself to the friends of Progress, notwithstanding our efforts to promote or retard it. Had he met us in fair discussion, he would have seen that we did not convere to oppose the Bible as a whole, or the various opinions of christian and infidel writers in regard to it, or to settle any question for others; but to canvass any subject whatever, and as individuals to think as we please.

Not having heard from our friend, Doctor Gray nor seen any numbers of his "Star in the East" for some months, we were about to conclude our self forgotten, when lo! the April number comes to us, containing the following friendly notice:

"*Christian Spiritualist*—This interesting sheet continues its visits weekly, to our sanctum. Its pages, as usual, are richly laden with rich gems of thought from the ocean of Spiritualism. Its proclivities partake more of our own conceptions of spiritual being than any other paper.

Bro. Toohy evidently designs his paper to be truthful and courteous, therefore it tends to an elevated field in spirit being. It is an able and talented expositor of spiritual philosophy, and progresses in the positive scale.

Its Editor is a gentleman, and a sound logical writer, who will be the enterprise abundant success, as its merits truly deserve."

Flattering and friendly as this notice is to myself we should not have copied it, were it not illustrative of the fact, that the views and philosophy taught by us, are recognized as truthful, and considered sacred by others. And that the reader may understand the meaning and importance of what Doctor Gray calls *positive Spiritualism*, we extract the following from the April issue of the *Star in the East*. The Doctor says:

"Positive Spiritualism, or the fact that spirits from the loftiest realms of the Heaven of Heavens, can and do visit this earth, and all unmeasured realms where goodness predominates, and moves and governs all kindred elements and spirits, is a doctrine, which I am as certain of, as I am of my existence, and would sooner yield my own existence, than give up this doctrine of my religious faith; yes, far rather would I give up every other vestige of spiritual or mortal being, than to be robbed of the sweet consolation of feeling that I can and do commune with God, and with the Spirits of good men who have once lived in the form. Thank God, our separation never can be. Its powers, not only give us prediction and purity of thought, but it unrolls the vast scroll of supernatural knowledge, and stamps its eternal impress upon proper sentiments and feelings. The constant presence of God is a tideless ocean of goodness, and a shoreless sea of love, to all the children of wisdom."

## SPIRITUALISM IN MAINE.

The incredulity some manifest, as to the number of Spiritualists in the United States, is as unwise as the skepticism that prevents them from examining the subject, for the effects produced by the development of one good medium, are not to be estimated by the ordinary experiences of history, or practical life.

The effect, however, of individual development, and mediumistic teaching, is illustrated by the following from the Belfast Free Press:

"There is at the present time considerable excitement in Camden, upon the subject of Spiritualism. A Mr. Hodges of this city, who has been laboring as a blacksmith in that town for a few months past, has given some wonderful exhibitions. It is said Spirits have spoken through him, and sometimes delivered long Sermons. He holds meetings weekly, when he goes into a state of insensibility and becomes the medium of lawyers, doctors, and all classes of people who have died.—He is an illiterate man, but when in this state delivers most eloquent and learned discourses, which discourses are alleged to be spoken through him by departed Spirits. John Wesley preached through him a masterly Sermon on Sunday last.—Spirits all declare that they are doing well and progressing, that the planets are inhabited by some superior and some inferior beings to ourselves.—Mr. Hodges says when he is in his natural state he cannot speak ten sentences consecutively upon the subject. There will be many opinions about 'the other world.'"

## J. H. W. TOOHEY—HIS LECTURING TOUR.

On leaving New York, Mr. T. will travel East and lecture during the Summer months in New England; and, in the Fall and Winter, should there be any demand for his services in the West and South, he will supply to the best of his ability. It should be remembered, however, that in all cases, he will expect to have his expenses paid and something over, as he has a family to provide for. Those wishing to hear him, or desirous to aid his progress, can make such appointments for him as they think will be productive of good, and inform him of the same by letter. Address J. H. W. Toohey, 15 Franklin street, Boston, Mass., or at the office of the *Christian Spiritualist*.

Will the Spiritual press please notice or copy, and thereby aid our brother and the cause.

## P. B. RANDOLPH.

This celebrated medium and lecturer is about to withdraw from the lecturing field for a season, in order to recruit the energies of his system.

Previous to this, however, he proposes to give some twenty-five lectures, part in the West and the remainder in the East. He will also visit Pennsylvania and Maryland.

Mr. R. seems to be poor, and in need of material aid, so that all who desire to hear him must remember "the laborer is worthy of his hire." The remuneration expected will vary from ten to twenty dollars, and traveling expenses.

Parties West will communicate with Mr. Albro, at the office of the *Age of Progress*, in Buffalo; and those East will send their favors to Mr. R., at this office—as from each city the letters will be forwarded to Mr. R.

## A LUCID EXPLANATION.

The *Rondout Courier*, of April 25th, in copying Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's letter on Spiritualism, introduces the same with some remarks, in which we find the following:

"Mr. Beecher's idea accords with our notion of the thing. There are undoubtedly some material phenomena connected with the honest sort of 'manifestations' that have not been clearly explained; this, with possibly a share of psychological influence conjoined, is sufficient to account for everything mysterious in the matter, without any necessity of assuming the intervention of 'external agents.'"

The cool and lazy impudence of this extract would be laughable, did we not know that all Spiritual laziness and indifference tends towards and naturally begets mental and moral obliquity.

We say cool, lazy impudence, because we do not think any thoughtful, investigating mind could be induced to so summarily dispose of a subject that has occupied and perplexed the most gifted and learned of the scientific world for over seven years. Verily, "Wisdom is approved of her children."

## DEVELOPMENTS AND MANIFESTATIONS IN ENGLAND.

As true Spiritualism is preeminently constructive in genius, and harmonic in character, nothing could be more natural than the fact, that the many phased and diversified opinions of reformers and religious enthusiasts, are recognized and made significant through the ministry of the Angels.—"Day unto day, uttereth speech," in proof of this statement, because day by day, we learn more of the progress of Spiritualism, and know in what way its facts and philosophy are impressing the mind.

Thus, within the past week, we have received a letter from Mrs. Lavinia Jones, of Wiltshire, England, informing us of her efforts in behalf of Spiritualism. She prints and issues occasionally an eight-page publication, which is called "The Comforter," and is devoted to the facts and consolations of Spirit intercourse. Mrs. Jones seems to be, in some sort, a believer in the revelations of Joanna Southcott. She evidently possesses an earnest temperament—a positive mind and strongly-marked religious feelings.

In part four of "The Comforter," while discussing the nature and mission of Spiritualism, she says:

"This is no cunningly devised fable, or trick got up in image machinery, to dupe the poor and sincere. These manifestations do take place under the greatest variety of forms and circumstances, and only require to be well attended, to at once discover their truth. They are as safe in the hands of a child as in the hands of the parent.—They can be seen at all hours,—and require no ingenuity to concoct. The Spirit-world come freely and candidly. They take pleasure in their revelations."

In the three numbers of "The Comforter," now before us, we find many predictions and prophecies in favor of a Spiritual Dispensation, as well as many long articles from the Spiritual papers of this country. As a specimen of the manifestations to which Mrs. Jones bears witness, we extract the following. She says:

On entering the room, my friend said to me, "We are having farther proofs of power. This chair moved across the room to me, without being touched." I said, "Well, now suppose you stand upright, with your back to the wall,—let your head and heels touch the wall,—and now put one finger on this chair, and one finger of the other hand in the same manner on another chair. Stand between the two chairs. Now let us see what will be the event."

Both chairs began to twist and twirl about, and my friend was obliged to follow them,—and with difficulty twisted her hands to keep the tip of these two fingers on. A favorite pussy was curled round on one of the chairs—protesting to be fast asleep,—yet although the chair tipped and turned about, the lady puss never seemed disturbed in the least. We tried the same experiment with a filled jug, placed on one of the chairs—but the chair moved more cautiously, and we asked if the Spirits did not wish the jug to be removed. They intimated that they did wish it to be taken away. The chair then moved freely. I saw in that same room a square table covered with flower-pots,—which were stowed up promiscuously,—some with plants, others not. The shaking and bouncing with that table was so violent,—rattling the pots altogether, it seemed impossible but that they must be all smashed—to atoms,—but no,—they were uninjured.

We enquired what we were to learn by this manifestation? We were told by a voice-medium, "Thus would the nations be shaken." This was in January, 1855.

I saw an experiment with a large house-dog, who had been witnessing the morning's investigations,—sitting on the hearth-rug.

After our séance was over, and our friend, who usually came from the Spirit-land to instruct us, had left us, the table seemed as though it wanted to dance, caper, and roll about;—a sort of fun and frisky conduct. The gentleman present who seemed to understand it best, asked, "Is this our old friend, Dick?" The table tipped itself about, in a merry, joking manner,—meaning (we took it), "Yes."

We were unsuccessful in getting a violin to play a jig, by a gentleman present,—the strings being out of order; so the dog was summoned and placed on the table. Dick was then told to jerk the dog into his master's lap. The table (square) took a turn,—threw itself up corner-ways, and tumbled the dog into the gentleman's lap; no one but the medium touching the table.

The dog was then replaced,—and Dick was told to fasten the dog's feet to the table. And with all our efforts and the dog's united, there he stood fixed on the table, until this invisible Dick released him. And so Dick went on, delighted in mischief of this kind, which was his merry character when alive in his earthly body.

The table we were using was square, and standing on three claws. The custom it adopted before our leaving, was to rise and bow one foot, very gracefully, then move round, and bow again with the same foot alternately to us; after that no more table-moving from that power.

I will tell one tale of this Spirit, (who gave us his history,) that he had while on this earth, been a Catholic Priest, and had resided at Hammsmith. The first time I attended to see the table movements,—we sat more than an hour without having any movement; but, to my surprise, I found I was sitting in a regular disabille; my hair had been loosened from all its fastenings, and was hanging most untidily upon my shoulders. I was confused, and tried to put it up; and after that we sat down to the table again,—and soon had our tables, and the table moved well. On my returning home, I referred to Judge Edmond's book, published at New York,—and found there that ladies' combs were frequently removed. (See page 23.) Then I judged the freaks the Spirits were about, when we were innocently sitting in silence round the table, waiting for them to talk to us. This was a witty Priest; we all laughed at his sunny way of convincing enquirers.

LAVINIA.

## SWEDENBORGIAN PSYCHOLOGY.

Not a few of our Swedenborgian contemporaries manifested much sensitiveness at the bare prospect of being popularly associated with Spiritualism, as if there was something in the idea very distressing. Of course, they have the undoubted right to choose and select their company, but it occurs to us, the efforts made by the Swedenborgian press, to effect a distinction in the public mind between Spiritualism and its "near of kin," will prove "much ado about nothing," so long as the secular press thus popularizes Swedenborg. We copy from the N. Y. *Tribune* of April 26.

"Swedenborg maintains that man is a Spirit, possessing the form and pervading the entire human system; that the Spirit possesses eyes, a nose,

hands, a mouth, limbs and feet; and that while in the body, the body is simply a piece of mechanism by which the Spirit operates on material things, and through the medium of which it receives impressions from external objects; that the Spirit may be separate, even, in this life, from the body, and almost unconscious of its existence; that when such is the case, the body remains alive, but not the power of action; and when the Spirit is so separated from the body, it has full power to see and converse at will with disembodied Spirits; and that, at death, the Spirit is only separated and freed from the body as the butterfly is freed from the bonds which have enveloped it, and that in leaving the body at that time, the Spirit is unconscious of the separation as when separated at any other time, as in a swoon, &c."

## LECTURES AT STUYVESANT INSTITUTE.

Brother R. P. Ambler lectured again last Sunday morning and evening at the Institute, to crowded audiences. We are glad to be able to announce, that this popular and eloquent lecturer will remain with us a while longer. He will speak again next Sabbath at the same time and place.

## BOOK PUBLICATION.

We should have noticed the following books ere this, were it not that in addition to our other duties, we have had to serve as juror for three weeks. We hope this explanation will be satisfactory to all concerned.

**SPIRITUALISM EXPLAINED:** being a series of twelve Lectures, delivered before the New York Conference of Spiritualists, by JOEL TIFFANY.

The majority of these lectures might with better propriety be termed an explanation of the moralism of Christianity, as they are more closely related to ethical philosophy than modern Spiritualism. At the same time, they contain bold, earnest, and eloquent thoughts, which should be known by every lover of truth, and studied by not a few reformers. Not that we think Mr. Tiffany at all times logical, consistent, or profound, but because the lectures constitute a pretty successful effort in the right direction, i. e., simplifying old thoughts and Spiritualizing new theories. The method of Mr. Tiffany in some cases tends to obscurity, for he makes consciousness the premise for most of his reasoning, which is fatal to mental and moral demonstration, (what Mr. T. aims at,) the usual schisms of the age being significant, though common proof of the statement. The only way we know to correct the errors of this method, is to be less subjective and metaphysical, and more matter of fact. Nor will this at all times help the matter, since the experience and education, as well as the consciousness of most individuals differ both in quantity and quality. A complete cure will come, therefore, only with a scientific and a reliable anthropology, a full, perfect, and harmonious philosophy of the natural and Spiritual man. In the mean time, we recommend these lectures, as they contain much that is pertinent to the issue of the age, besides being generally suggestive of thought, and explanatory of the emotional man.—The reporters and publishers deserve to be well patronized, for the faithfulness with which they reported the lectures, and got up the book.

**THE CONFLICT OF AGES EXPOSED:** A Succedaneum to Beecher's "Conflict of Ages." By Henry Weller. Laporte, Ind.

Although we read much of this in the columns of *The Crisis*, we are heartily glad to see it in book form, for the subject matter, as well as the method of its discussion, is well worthy preservation and attentive study. The author, Mr. H. Weller, is the editor and proprietor of *The Crisis*—a liberal and sensible expositor of the theology and philosophy of Swedenborg. As a thing of course, therefore, Mr. Weller looks at the phenomena of life from the Swedenborgian platform, but not to the detriment of his catholicity, judging from the following. He says:

In taking the Divine Word, as our stand-point of view, I do not mean that it is above the Word which exists in the works of God. The created Word, is, indeed, as fully the manifestation of Divine Love and Wisdom as the written Word. But that which is written comes to us instruction—teaching us what the whole creation is, with out which teaching all would have been dumb and senseless as the rock of the ocean, and the cloud of the rain is to the untutored peasant. Revelation has been called the grammar of nature—opening up to us a hidden meaning by giving us principles, and leading us to the Great First Cause. But when thus opened, all nature comes a living book; and God as really speaks to us the myriad voices of creation as in the glowing fire of poetic language.

As Mr. Weller was, for many years, an Unitarian, and has passed through many phases of speculative theology, he is fully qualified to appreciate the Spiritual harmonies of any philosophy, thus bringing the Word and Nature into friendly unity. Naturally enough, therefore, his sympathies are enlisted in, while his mind is analyzing the fact and philosophy of Spiritualism. Those truths of "the Church" who have waxed Spiritual, may kick against this manifestation of spiritual tolerance and charity, but Mr. Weller is abundantly able to vindicate his faith, his philosophy, and his conduct.

We wish him success, and his paper a large circulation.

**OBLIGATION OF THE SABBATH:** A Discussion between Rev. J. NEDRICK BAYLY and WILLIAM B. TAYLOR. New York: Calvin Blanchard, 22 Nassau street.

Those who may wish to know the pros and cons of our "obligation to the Sabbath," should read this work.

The disputants are able, skillful, and respectful, giving a thorough knowledge of the textual, topical, and controversial phases of the subject. It is to be regretted, that a work so generally so exceptional in its make up, should be subject to criticism, because of the blurred and dingy paper on which it is printed. The type, however, is large, and may be read with ease.

**THE WAR IN KANSAS.** A Rough Trip to the Border, among New Houses and a Strange People. By G. Douglas Brewerton. New-York: Derby & Jackson







## IDEAL LAND.

D. J. WALLACE.

The twilight hour has come again,  
And, like an angel's wing,  
It sheds a holy, heavenly calm  
O'er everything.

Within my soul a quiet reigns,  
And peace and joy flow there,  
In noiseless waves, till I have quite  
Forgotten care.

I know not why it is, but yet  
The twilight ever brings  
A peace, for which I would not take  
All earthly things.

And while the soul is lulled to rest,  
How sweetly do the dreams  
Of other days flow back again  
In half-hid streams.

To-day I walked the city streets,  
Where life's varied tide  
And felt alone, though thousands were  
Upon each side.

But here, within my little cot,  
With twilight on her throne,  
I think of absent ones, and feel  
I'm not alone.

With keys thrown to me by the hand  
Of the departed Day,  
I open the portals of the land  
Where loved ones stay.

Mysterious land! for there the dead  
And living are as one;  
O bliss! I met them all as I  
In life have done.

They all seem beings of a clime  
Uncoursed with grief or care;  
And free from toil's corroding hand  
They wander there.

Some of them live, and some are dead,  
Yet an unbroken band  
I often meet them all within  
Ideal Land.

## ANGEL MUSIC.

The following lines contain literally "words that breathe and thoughts that burn." We gather them from the sea of literature, where we find them drifting anonymously:

When the twilight weeps 'neath her azure veil,  
And the sweet flowers sigh as the day grows pale,  
Then an angel comes on her silver wings,  
And a golden harp in her hand she brings;

Soft, sweet and low,  
Rich numbers flow,  
And I hush my breath while the angel sings!

Oh! the love-rays fall from her dew-filled eye,  
Like the soft star-beams from the twilight sky,  
And she fans my brow with her fragrant wings,  
While she gently strikes on the golden strings!

Soft, sweet and low,  
Rich numbers flow,  
And I weep for joy while the angel sings!

Like the soft, south wind, when he wroos the flowers,  
Like the glad bird's note in his love-wreath'd bowers,  
Like the thrilling sigh of the wind's harp-strings,  
Are the rapture tones that the angel sings!

Soft, sweet and low,  
Glad breathings flow,  
And I dream of love while the angel sings!

Like the plaintive voice of the mourning pine,  
Like the wild, wild wail of the heaving brine,  
Like the groans that sweep on the night-wind's wings,  
Is the strange, sad song that the angel sings!

Dark, deep and low,  
Sad meanings flow,  
And I weep for the best while the angel sings!

Then a lofty strain on a rich harp swells,  
And the soul of him in its music dwells;  
And the tale of song, o'er its glowing strings,  
Flows fresh and free from the Eden springs!

Soft, sweet and low,  
Rich breathings flow,  
And I dream of Heaven while the angel sings.

Sentinel and Witness.

## THE INSPIRATION OF SPRING.

A writer in the New York Independent discourses thus eloquently of the approach of the season of buds and birds:

"Winter seeks for little snow-searls which she left under fences, on the edges of the wood, and takes them all away. The ground looks up and begs the sun to warm it. Gentle dews and cool nights the maple trees love,—good and motherly trees, full of sap and blue birds. Maple groves are arboral herbs which give their perpendicular breasts to the rude solicitation of the auger.—Elder spouts and rough beechen troughs are the milkers' hand and bucket, April! Does it not make you think of flocks of birds just come from the South, wild with new love, or pensive with nests to be built or revamped? There must be buds where there are birds. There are little flowers somewhere that nobody has ever looked at, new-fresh, in resurrection robes. These sparrows and robins, and blue birds, and black birds, are trumpet-sounders that call the flowers from their graves.—Do you not feel the air blowing through your very heart? Is not the germinant and springing influence at work at your pulse? Do you not love the balsamic smell of poplar buds just unglued,—and the smell of grass just sprouting, and of moist earth, and of woods full of old leaves, and of the very air that reeks with these nameless odors which we call spring scents."

EXTRAORDINARY BIRTH.—The Paris *Siccle* publishes the following extraordinary narrative: "The Rue de Faubourg du Temple has been thrown into a state of great excitement by an event of the most extraordinary kind. At noon yesterday, at the moment when the corpse of a woman named Agnès, who had died at No. 55 in the street, was being removed for interment, drops of blood were seen to ooze out from the coffin. The undertaker ordered the bearers to stop, and on the coffin being opened, cries were heard issuing from the bloody shroud with which the body was enveloped. The spectators of this appalling scene were deeply moved. But what was their astonishment when, on the grave clothes being torn, they saw that the deceased had given birth to a child of the male sex. The child, perfectly well-formed, was living. I was immediately consigned to the care of a nurse, and the interment of the mother was postponed for twenty-four hours.—*Ez.*"

## MEMENTOS.

The present is linked to the past by dark and iron ligaments, but through them run fine veins of gold that close inspection only shows. These fibres have power to make the past worthy, fair—to sink the horizon of the night, and reveal the sun below, when it has risen upon another sphere.

These fibres, binding the to-day and yesterday, are mementos—those of the sweet and happy bygone, which as fragrant plants having blossomed and wilted into seed-time, contain the germ that will make them bloom again on other soil.

Mementos like these are supporters of our weakness, guards against temptation—they shine through our surrounding cares and tribulations as stars through the falling storm; they are like the dew in the darkness, descending on fervid brows and lips touching them with refreshing coolness, and strength for the long to-morrow.

Mementos like the ivy creep about the withering heart, and protect it from the semblance of decay. Though they sustain not its weakness, beautify its failing, and crown its last beatings with ripeness and a show of life beyond itself. While they make a partial Pactolus of the merest Lybia of existence they touch the coming future with a glowing pencil; they mirror to the aching, anxious mind, what will be, by the streamlets, whose whimpers suggest love, and sunny hours trembling with pure emotions, that have been in departed days. They unearth the buried casket, and the glitter of its jewels beameth beyond the Now.

All of us have Mementos more or less—all can look backward, be their path drear or radiant, smooth or rugged now,—toward the spot where some cherished egletine perfumed the air; or where a few remembered violets that fewer eyes beheld, were loved by the softest zephyrs of the Spring, and breathed their latest on its sighing bosom.

Thank Heaven for these Mementos in that they cheer and make hope where hope was not; that they lead, though with a sweet delusion, the pilgrim wanderer along, and point him to shrines he cannot see, for those he knows are broken.

Mementos are not gifts nor substance, save at times—not always outward shapes and forms that we may wear above the pulse of our life, and breathe our kisses on, in harmony of what they symbolize. They often are event and circumstance and time, outstanding from all else, and real and essential from the happiness they brought—live dreams and dreaming lives which come as pictures from within, whenever our eye turns inward to the soul.

Mementos are whatever link our thoughts, our feelings, our affections, to the good, the beautiful, the true—the signs of those fair periods in our life when angels seemed to hedge us round about from ill, and let our spirit glance beyond its clay.

Turn we not often to Mementos as to some sacred words a buried mother's hand has written for our good, that we may clearly see our way by thinking what has been? Within our chamber's solitude, when stars look through its curtain folds, and we have doffed the mask we play our world-part in, are there no letters that we read again, however so often read before, and feel their sorrow and their truth? And from the page that dims through rising tears, seem not some living eyes to look with all the trust and peace they had of yore, till hope rekindles in their fancied light?

Are there no locks of hair, thus far outworn purest gold, and that Guignon's skill to darken—which call up rose-colored phantoms that were being once? Does not the glossy texture seem to move while in our grasp it rests, as rest it did when on its smoothness our pale hands in blessing lay, and we essayed to speak farewell? Has not that tiny glove, that little ring, that poor attempt of art to copy soul, that volume in whose thoughts twin natures found translation of their own—an influence on us still—a force upon our fate?

Sure such Mementos have, and those that only lie within the heart withal. In the chambers of our spirit there are letters written by no mortal hand; tresses that were never severed; volumes that no external eye e'er gazed upon. But these and these are similar; they bring their healing with them, and they reach that sickness science fails to learn.—*Chiracott Times.*

## SLEEP, DREAMS, MENTAL DECAY.

The following passages are from a brief review, in a London paper, of Sir Benjamin Brodie's Psychological Inquiries:

"Dreams are next discussed, as also the problem, 'What is sleep?' which our author declares insoluble. The sense of weariness appears confined to those functions over which the will has power; all involuntary actions are continued through our resting as well as our waking hours.—Sleep accumulates the nervous force, which is gradually exhausted during the day. But these are words only; for who can define or explain the 'nervous force?' Darwin's axiom, 'that the essential part of sleep is the suspension of volition,' still holds good, and is accepted as satisfactory. Talking and moving in sleep, though apparently phenomena irreconcilable with this theory, are not so in reality; for there are degrees of sleep, and these things only occur where the slumber is imperfect. It may be urged again, that the mere absence of volition would not produce that insensibility to sight and sound which is the characteristic of the sleeper, but few persons are aware how much the will is concerned in the reception of impressions in the senses. One who is absorbed in reading or writing will not hear words addressed to him in the ordinary tone, though their physical effect on the ear must be the same as usual.

Dreams are inexplicable; Lord Brougham suggested that they took place only in the momentary state of transition from sleep to waking. But facts contradict this theory, since persons will matter to themselves, and utter inarticulate sounds, indicative of dreaming, at intervals of several minutes. The common puzzle as to how dreams, apparently long, can pass in a moment of time, presents no difficulty to the psychologist. Life is not measured by hours and days, but by the number of new impressions received; and limit to these is in the world without us, not in the constitution of our minds. To a child, whose imagination is constantly excited by new objects, twelve months seem a longer period than to man. As we advance in life, time flies faster. The butterfly, living for a single season, may really enjoy a longer existence than the tortoise, whose years exceed a century. Even between the busy and the idle among human beings, there exists a similar difference, though less strongly marked.

It has been usually held that large heads are more powerful thinking machines than small ones; and, as a general rule, experience justifies the conclusion. But Newton, Byron, and others, were exceptions to it; and it is quite certain that a large brain may be accompanied with the most dense stupidity.

Many remarks scattered through this little treatise are worthy the recollection of all ages and classes. "The failure of the mind in old age," says Sir Benjamin Brodie, "is often less the result of mature decay than of disuse." Ambition has ceased to operate; contentment brings indolence; indolence decay of mental power, ennu and sometimes death. Men have been known to die, literally speaking, of disease induced by intellectual vacancy. On the other hand, the amount of possible mental labor is far less than many persons imagine. If professional men are enabled to work twelve or fifteen hours daily, it is because most of their business has become, from habit, a mere matter of routine. From four to six hours is probably, the utmost daily period for which real exertion of the mind can be carried on.

From the Olive Branch.

## CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISM.

Did Christ teach *salvation* by faith? He gave us fully to understand that *works* are to be the great instrument in the soul's development. Spiritualism teaches, with Christ, that the *greatest of all is charity*. This it shows to be philosophically, as well as morally, true. It is an established law of nature, that the healthy exercise of a member or organ increases its strength. The blacksmith's right arm is more powerful than the left from this cause. The farmer and the mechanic become strong in body from a similar reason. And the same is true in Phrenology. By frequent acts of genuine charity, the organs of Benevolence, Hope, and Conscientiousness are increased in power, and the Heaven of true happiness is established "within" where Christ located it. And vice versa, a constant and prolonged exercise of the acquisitive and secretive organs to the exclusion of the higher faculties, in the end consigns man to the slavery of *avarice*, destroys the very sources of happiness, of which money is but the mere agent prevents all enjoyment of the elevated pleasure flowing from Benevolence; in a word he develops the kingdom of Hell, as a condition of the soul.—Thus "it is less difficult for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven." Because man, in the exercise of a sufficient amount of economy to accumulate riches, is apt to compromise the elements of true enjoyments, and become a miser. To reach Hell, and suffer its torments, the miser need not wait the hour of dissolution. He has it all within him, and feels its scorching flames hourly. "It is more blessed to give than receive." Every act of true charity is a ray of warmth to the divinity within, and a benefit to the donor's immortal soul, which is to be eternal. The miser is without this infinite, elevating pleasure, and the priceless benefits flowing from his benign influence. A great error of the church, has, no doubt, been in a confusion of the terms Heaven and Hell. Christ's Heaven and Hell were *conditions*, and a verdict of exclusion from the one, or consignment to the other, did not allude to the existence hereafter to be enjoyed by the spirit. The danger is in contracting the kingdoms (conditioned) to be carried as a barrier to our happiness in the Spirit world.

The spirit of man is reached through his organism. The purpose of life is to *individualize* the spirit. Thus every act becomes either a savior or destroyer. If life be true to itself, neighbor and God, the spirit will emerge from its tabernacle, beautiful and lovely to the sight: if its probation has been one of injustice, neglect, bigotry and falsehood, it emerges from it into its new existence mentally and morally deformed or diseased, and is a stranger still to that precious enjoyment of the soul, which is realized only by the good." This doctrine is forcibly embodied in the expression "the greatest of all is charity." By a law of Spiritual affinity the pure and wise pass into a position, figuratively expressed as high—into the sweet companionship of their kind with their Heaven still "within," and the other, to its dark kindred, accompanied with deep regrets for past folly; and languishing for one drop of the pure nectar of truth from the fountain of harmony beyond.

We hold that this is Christ's teaching; but men's minds have been perverted from a right understanding of Him by bonds and fetters of prejudice, forged by bigots in the dark ages; and which to-day away almost a disputed sceptre over the most sacred of God's ordinances—human reason. But we hold that an *infallible* revelation is impossible as long as the human mind—the receptacle—is *fallible*. Minds are differently constructed, and each receives according to his own understanding, the subject revealed. Spiritualism, like all new things, is greatly misrepresented by those who would rather destroy than inquire into it. But we trust the time will soon come when all odium shall be removed, and great minds will probe and sift it thoroughly.—If it be of God, it will take its proper place in men's hearts and accomplish the great reforms promised, but if it be an invention of man, it will sink into oblivion and be forgotten.

## PROGRESSION.

### THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

Effort is the price of success in every department of human action. From attainment of rudimentary knowledge to the salvation of the soul, every step in progress is made by undaunted toil. The boy drones over his book, a slave to listless laziness, thereby securing to himself a place at the foot of society. The Christian, who, like Bunyan's Timorous Mistrust, flees at the voice of lions, is undone. The man who shrinks from difficulty in his business or profession, who refuses to climb because the rock is sharp and the way steep, must make up his mind to slide back and to be in the shadows below, while others use him as a stepping stone to their own rising. For this—such is the constitution of society—there is no help. The poet wrote truly who said—

"Thou must either soar or stoop,  
Fall or triumph, stand or droop,  
Thou must either serve or govern,  
Must be slave or must be sovereign,  
Must in fact be block or wedge,  
Must be anvil or must be sledge."

To shake off an indolent spirit, or stir one's self to exertion, to reach constantly upward, to struggle with a firm foothold on the most slippery places, to wrestle manfully, even when principles and powers are our foes, to refuse submission to any evils however frowning, are conditions we must either fulfil or sink to littleness, to uselessness,—perchance to ruin. Therefore, with a brave heart and unconquerable spirit, every man should address himself to the work of the day; striving with pure views and religious trust for an increase of his talent, and for a victory, which shall enable him to stand unabashed in the last day. He who strives need fear no failure. His triumph, though delayed for a time, shall come at last.—*Adventurer.*

## WHAT GOOD IS SPIRITUALISM?

I am glad the question is asked, though it does not argue much for the enquirer's mind.

I answer, it establishes the soul's immortality on a practical basis. It leaves the matter no longer a doubt, and takes from the hands of the priest, the power to humbug the people with the idea that he can enfold and interpret the oracles of God, any better than the wayfaring man through a fool.

It takes out the last prop from the strongholds of materialism, or of spiritualism—both of which have proved so destructive to man's highest good.

It introduces to us a religion, with a philosophy, which our reason can grasp, embrace, and allows man to lie down upon the couch of entire certainty.

Our present systems of religion are void of a philosophy, and our present systems of philosophy are equally without the companionship of religion.

Spiritualism is the marriage supper of these two, so fully divorced.

The Infidel and the highest form of orthodoxy are brought into harmony, and are made brothers in the highest sense.

Spiritualism reveals to mankind that they are surrounded by, and are in the immediate presence of beings like themselves. The effect of such revelation is to prevent wrong and abolish crime.

Who does not act more circumspect when the eyes of his fellow men are upon him?

Spirit life is omnipresent, and he who is so exalted as to see and know of the kingdom of Heaven, sees and knows that not even a thought can escape detection. If a man can think no wrong without the fact is known, then he will do no wrong, for conception always precedes a birth.

How guarded the acts of men when they know all eyes are upon them. What crime or wrong can stand before the focal blaze of Spiritual detection?

Spiritualism unfolds the fact that the Spirit is not the offspring of, nor dependant upon the body for its being; that the parent of the body is not the father of the Spirit, and the *real* child, or the *spiritual* man, is as nearly related to me, as much my mother, sister, brother, as of those who gave life to the mere flesh. It takes away that selfish claim which makes me love my child any more than any other, and rests the frame work of man's brotherhood upon the solid, enduring, and eternal existence of the soul. It lays the foundation of man's brotherhood deeper than the skin or the sex. It makes every man his own prophet, priest and king. It unfolds the broader and deeper view of human equality. It no longer deprives one of the rights claimed for any other human being. It tells mankind of that inner being or principle on which his destiny rests, and lays condition, color, sex, nationality, one and all, down into the grave of merited oblivion. This, Spiritualism has done already, and its mission has only just begun.

The effect it has produced on the efforts of men for the mere external, would have sufficed to give it large credit on the books of posterity.

No longer is the mind made the slave of the body. The fashions of this world have not a feather's weight when viewed through the Telescope of Spiritual vision. The force, power and reality of the words of Jesus are felt, "take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow will take care of itself."

Men who have accumulated wealth will be ready, under Spiritual teaching, to devote themselves not only, but their *capital*, their *houses*, *lands*, and every earthly claim, keeping back, unlike Ananias, no part of the price—to the service of humanity.

Through Spiritual influence men will cease to cheat, lie and steal from their brothers, but will see and feel that every human being is a brother, sister and mother.—*Lake Zurich Banner.*

## HOMES OF THE ANGELS.

The Boston *Olive Branch*, although a violent and unfair opponent of Spiritualism, publishes occasionally articles, the thoughts and sentiments of which are so "near of kin" to Spiritualism, and so unlike "orthodoxy" that we sometimes are half inclined to think the Editors see more significance in the facts and teachings of the Spirit intercourse, than they are willing to have known.

The following, from a late issue of that paper, will illustrate:

"Draw your thoughts from this world so full of sorrows, this dark earth, where, throw the glitter of poetry over it as you will, sin curses every object, however beautiful; where misery stalks by with its black face and lean limbs; where sickness breathes in stifled chambers, and death rides on every breeze; gaze from this point of clashing interests, jealous rivalries and destroying hate, to the calm stars that stand in the blue ether, far, far over the highest range of thought. How pure they look in their unchanging brightness? Man is born, sorrows and drops into the grave, and there they remain placid as the bosom of a lake when the winds are locked in their treasures. Did you ever look in bitterness on their lofty serenity just after lips that you loved had whitened and stiffened in death? Did you ever cry out with agony that the stars so still and grand, lighted their glittering temples, while your star, the brightest perhaps, the only star of your life had set in darkness? And did you not wonder how they could dumbly gaze upon your misery—upon the pathway to the old church-yard—upon that grave where a human heart was turning to dust while yours was breaking.

The stars! where are they? Who can answer? God placed them there—so much we know.—Science explores the grand highway to the heavens, but her vagaries and even her statistics, satisfy us not. Worlds of light say some, bodies of flame say others, luminous by reflection speculate still others, but O! how vaguely and blindly the world yet stumbles on, guessing and wondering, questioning and replying—advancing new theories and exploding old, and yet what a star really is, no one can certainly explain."

"The morning stars sang together," did the silent world listen while they sang? Did melody, such as mortals never made, float on the enraptured ear? and were those mysteriously sweet echoes caught by one human ear? And could they sing together, were they not worlds filled with intelligence, light and beauty? So love we to think, as we behold them moving above the joys and the sorrows of earth; and though it may be but the vagary of a speculative mind, yet the thought is sweet and pleasant.

And those golden worlds, formed by the pleasure of our Father, may we not yet inherit? After the soul has laid down its perishable garment, after our beauty has dissolved and dust displaced the remnants of mortality, may not the freed Spirit clad in immortal youth, walk the luminous streets of those very orbs, wondering, adoring and worshipping? God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts, and there is nothing inconsistent with His goodness and majesty in the belief that our kindred may inhabit the very stars that meet our gaze, although to us they may seem too tangible to be the abodes of redeemed Spirits.

What glory to explore those wonderful heights—to revel in their splendors, and feel that no suddenly descending sword shall sever the life from the renewed body! Here, the soul expands, and the heart swells and warms at the anticipation of some fleeting pleasure, that as we clasp vanishes—there we shall not only feel the rapture of anticipation, but sweeping over the full soul shall come the delights of possession, delights that shall never grow dim. Each step will reveal new glories, and as the Spirit soars exulting in the possession of a being never to be tainted with corruption, think, if you can, what exaltation must accompany the thought.

You who have suffered, wondering why to you the way was wrapped in clouds, from those homes of perfect felicity you may behold this atom in the universe, and see in every trial, passed, an angel hand leading you up the celestial road. And as you look upon the darkness here, the slips, the trials, the perplexities, the dangers of the real life, oh! what unutterable emotions of praise will throng your soul as the reflection comes with newer, sweeter power, all these are gone forever and forever, here are unending delights, here are no uncertain to-morrows, no fearful separations, no mortal pangs. My companions are angels, my food is the fruit of the tree of life; I cannot grow old, for Time has no cycles here. Immortal joy shall create immortal beauty, immortal yearning be satisfied with immortal love.

The homes of the angels. Let this be our reflection as we gaze up in those starry worlds. Let them become familiar to us as resting-places on the way to heaven—golden gates that open into the streets of the New Jerusalem. Thus they will be significant in the highest and holiest degree, and as we dwell upon such thoughts, our minds must become Spiritualized, and assimilate more and more to those of the redeemed who wait for us beyond the rapid Jordan. M. A. D.

## SECTARIANISM.

How natural it is for men to think they have reached the estimate of human progression, The Jews think that God had revealed all He was ever going to, ages before Christ. They reject every new form of truth which they think overthrows their time-honored notions. Christians, in turn, think that the New Testament was the last of Revelation, and believe just that much more than the Jews, forgetting that just as much need exists for a further revelation, adapted to the present age, as there was for the coming of Christ at the time he did. There is the same bigotry among the Christians as marks, the pathway of the Jews.

Great revelations, like comets, come but once in many ages, leaving time to do the work of elaboration.

We take our food periodically, and it would be just as sensible, when our belly is full, to reason that we should never want food again, as to suppose that the revelations made to men who thought God was a Golden Calf, were sufficient for the moral nature of man in all coming time.

When men learn that our moral nature needs progression just as much as our mental or physical, they will persecute one another less for opinions' sake.

That man is the greatest fool in the world, who thinks he knows it all. This is exactly the position of every sectarian.

I would as soon think of using the same plough in Illinois, which we worked among the clay and gravel in Vermont, as to preach and pray and sing as our fathers did.

I remember when men believed in Hell Fire and Brimstone, and really thought if they died without repentance the smoke of just such torment would ascend up forever. I remember when the doctrine of the greatest Divinity was, that Hell was paved with infants not a span long. Both of these have long since been abandoned, or so modified as to change the whole nature of the belief.

These concessions have been wrung from sectarians, by come-outers, who showed their absurdity so plain as to stop all accessions to the sect, unless they abandoned the obnoxious position.

The Jews as a people are far behind other nations, for the very reason that they cling with deadly tenacity to old fogisms.

Christians are relatively in the same fix. Take the great divisions of Catholic and Protestant. The Catholics are just as far behind as they are more like the Jews, clinging to the swaddling clothes of time-worn absurdities.

The Jews are a unit, so are the Catholics, while the Protestant, by admitting the entering wedge of human progression, has become divided into a thousand different sects, out of which has come the elevation of man, until now-a-days the impudent claim of man's equality is a fixed fact.

Now-a-days a Pope is no better than a peasant. The Empress of France is no better than my wife.

Farewell, sectarianism, the world will be all the better without you.—*Lake Zurich Banner.*

## BRIGHT LIVES.

BY IVY STARR.

Tread gently—speak softly—a soul is passing from its bondage, and your lightest tone is discord to the ear attuned to Heaven's sweetest harmony.

There are deep lines of anguish, engraved around the pale lips, and dark shadows of earthly grief, settled on the waxen brow of her who lies so calm and white, on the borders of the spirit-land. Even the stern conflict of death, has failed to erase them, or soften their intensity.

She was a gambler's wife—a suicide's mother.—She had given in the morning of life, her affections to one who valued not the charge; she had seen him going the downward path, had prayed for, and pleaded with him in vain; had suffered all that woman can suffer, and live, yet knew him to be lost forever.

And she bent over the cradle of her beautiful boy, and as she traced his father's likeness in his innocent face, she prayed that there the resemblance might end—that he might live to be a blessing to her and himself. But a father's counsel prevailed, the boy followed him to the wine saloon, and gaming table, and in the flush of manhood, with his own hand, unbound his fettered soul, and sent it forth to meet its doom. All this one of the truest, most devoted wives, the fondest, wisest mother, most self-denying christian, was called upon to bear—her's was a blighted life.

The summer moon looks coldly down with a sad, reproachful light into a narrow cell, revealing a young man, almost a boy, who, with his face buried in his hands, is sitting there. As the cold sepulchral light falls over the stone floor, he groans aloud, for it seems like some ghastly shadow from the other world. Remorse for crime is gnawing at his heartstrings, and as he looks far back into the past, there is no bright spot for the eye to rest on, and be satisfied. No mother loved him, through the helpless years of infancy; no father smiled with parental tenderness on the boy; home-

less and friendless, he had been an outcast—his life been a blighted life!

Draw the curtain gently aside! Let the white moonbeams rest lovingly on that rigid face, on which is the ghastly shadow of death. The silver rays fall strangely pure, on that dead Magdalen's face, so dark and rigid, in its mute despair. Oh! might be loosed from the seal of death. A story that would turn your indignation against her, into rests now over her blighted life. On many a tombstone, are their records traced; on many a wide meek sad face turning from the curious gaze; on fallen homes and more desolate hearts, has fallen the sentence of a blighted life.—*Denton Olive Branch.*

## INFIDELITY OF LIFE.

"How much is this a yard?" said a lady acquaintance of mine to the proprietor of a large dry-goods store.

"That we am, is worth"—and he then helped her for inspection, "that is selling for three dollars, in the city."

"It is more than I am willing to give," said the lady. "I will take it at two dollars."

The merchant went on, in the usual style, as she might have it.

After the lady had gone, said I, "Why did you sell that without a profit?"

"Why did I?" You don't think me so much of a fool as that? I never dispose of goods without a profit."

"But you told the lady so!" said I.

"Pooh! I told the same to twenty every day. I made fifty per cent. on that very cloth."

He then went to attend to another customer, and I thought to myself, here is a man reckoned as a member of a church, esteemed a benevolent liberal christian, and absolutely lying, according to his own admission, at least twenty times a day, merely to make a good bargain, and gain a penny. Why is he called honorable? Because he will not forfeit his word when overruled? "Cauter man?" because he pays his debts, due, to keep up his credit? Yes. These are sufficient in the business world. Why is he called a christian? Merely because he owns a pious communicant, and gives liberally to benevolent societies.

Judging from the acts of such, and every day, most correct interpreters of a person's character, what claims have they to such titles of honor and honorable men? It is not by the amount of public that men are to be known, but these little everyday transactions where they are supposed to be no observations. When the community is not upon men, is the measure of their honesty. Ask a tradesman why he sits in such a course, and he will readily answer.

"We must do so if we would live." Has mankind so degenerated that a man's integrity must starve? Are all knowers, that deal in falsehoods, or lies? No; God calls this a libel on the human race, to say every man is a liar, and be honest. Let me ask the answer, "We must be dishonest," how many ever thoroughly tried the opposite course?

Now, have conscience and integrity barriers to right and success. Each can help self to the extent of his sagacity, if not better of a bargain, at least not to get ahead. I need a host of ministers, yet, home mission, preach against this growing faithlessness, and fidelity, not theoretical, but practical holding this bazaar of faith to preach to each other.—*Trinity Magazine.*

## A YOUNG MAN'S CHARACTER.